

# THE Loyal HOME WORKERS

MOTTO: PRO PATRIA,  
FLOWER, FORGET ME NOT.

OBJECTS: PROMOTE PATRIOTISM

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Progress—Patriotism to all that tends to develop American intelligence on topics of the day, and the adoption of ways and means to secure this end.

Education—Historical study of our country, and discussion thereon, which keeps alive the spirit of American independence and loyalty.

Charity—Providing for the relief of the suffering and afflicted.

An organization for reunion purposes and to more fully inform the principles of the Loyal Home Workers has been formed, of which Kate B. Sherwood is President and to which all true and loyal Americans of the C. C. are eligible.

## PLEDGE OF LOYAL HOME WORKERS.

I believe that loyalty to the Union is fidelity to the cause of liberty, equality, and the elevation of mankind; I solemnly pledge myself to the safety of our free institutions, and to the extent of my ability, I will endeavor to disseminate a knowledge of their history and principles in the community in which I live, and I will stand by our country and our flag in all times of peril.

I further pledge myself to a faithful interest and labor in all lines of work of the Association, for the promotion of Progress and the Loyal Home Workers, and I further pledge myself that I will, as I have ability and opportunity, extend, in the spirit of charity and sympathy, aid to those in distress and need, especially to the membership of our Association.

## EDITOR'S CHAT.

Thanksgiving in National Anthem. Written by the venerable Patriot, Dr. S. F. Smith, who has fitted the hearts of millions with his ringing strains—Eugene Field has sung his last song.

It is but little more than a week since the venerable Dr. S. F. Smith, author of our great National Anthem, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," as well as over 100 other patriotic anthems and sacred songs and hymns, was laid to rest among his beloved New England hills.

Eighty-seven years old, but with the heart and the hope of a boy, as of a boy as when he worked his way through Harvard College; the boy celebrated many years after with his classmate, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in that celebrated reunion poem, beginning:—  
"Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys?  
If there has, take him out without bluster or noise."

They were gray-haired boys who had met to celebrate their old days, and the sweet singer who sang (Dr. Holmes) went to join his school-fellows more than a year ago, and only Samuel Francis Smith, whose hymns have been his life, the last leaf from a mighty tree of human endeavor.

It was of him of whom Dr. Holmes in his reunion wrote when he said:  
"And there's a one younger of excellent pitch,  
Pate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;  
But he changed a song for the brave and the free,  
Just read on his lips the words of 'Thee'."

Eighty-seven years old, when he was waiting in a Boston depot for a transfer train, God's message came, "Thee," and he answered in a moment, "Here am I." It was but a moment, but in that moment there was translated a singer welcomed by celestial choir, for in his song were the strains of imperial music.

As for us, one and all of us, those who sing his songs and those who profit by the singing, shall we not stop long enough to pay some small tribute to him who so largely moulded the patriotic sentiment of the Nation?

"We may forget the singer,  
But we can't forget the song."  
True enough, for "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is set to the music of the ages. It has been called England's tune, because that tune has been set to the words of "God Save the Queen," but when away back in 1742 Henry Carey adapted that tune to the words of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," Dr. Smith found it among the folk songs of Germany, and who knows but our Arrian mothers sang it to their children as they wended their weary way from the rose plains of Asia to the savage wilds of Europe?

And just as the name of the singer who sang the tune has been forgotten in the strains of the ages, so we may forget that Dr. Smith gave us the words that have so long and so loyally been sung by the Loyal Home Workers all unite in a tribute of praise to Dr. Smith's memory.

Think what a noble thing it would be if all our boys would pattern after the man who was a boy at 57, because he had kept his blood pure and nerves steady, and his conscience void of offense, because he was loyal next to God, and a loyal son of the soil felt that in his own life history he exemplified all the virtues of the Republic.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.  
"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

So says the good book, after whose rule and pattern Dr. Smith's life was modeled. At this Thanksgiving season let us memorize his anthems, singing them with the spirit and the understanding.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.  
My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side,  
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love.  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with gladness thrills,  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees,  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks and forest, aye,  
Their own accord proclaim.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Our God, our Father be,  
Long may our land be bright,  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by thy grace,  
Great God, our King!

THE NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.  
Auspicious morning, hail  
Voices from hill and vale  
Joy on thy dawning breaks;  
Each heart that joy pervades,  
With cheerful voices wakes  
In praise to bring.

When on the tyrant's rod  
Our patriot fathers trod,  
And dared to free,  
"Was not in burning zeal,  
From every clime of steel,  
Our country's joy to lead,  
But, Lord, in thee."

Then as a shield of power,  
In battle's awful hour,  
Piled round our king,  
Our hopes were in thy throne,  
Strong in the might of steel,  
By thee our fathers freed,  
God of our land.

Long live our native hills,  
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## TO THE L.H.W.

To every contributor of a good recipe or directions for making Christmas gifts mailed within one week from date there will be sent THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Calendar for 1896.

To every original holiday sentiment, not to exceed 100 words, suitable for publication, there will be sent THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Calendar. For the best a copy of "Our National War Songs."

Address, within two weeks from date, Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, Canton, O.

EUGENE FIELD.  
The dear home singer of the blessed little children, of homey things and home affections, is forever hushed; not the song, but the singer, for "Little Boy Blue" and "Wynken and Blyken and Nod" will be remembered more and more to the little ones as the long years go round.

In Chicago, his home, a memorial service has been held, and a fund is rolling up to erect a monument to the poet.

Eugene Field did not write for the children alone, but for the big boys and girls and the

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